

VIKTOR FLAMBEAU FINDS GERMANY AN EMPIRE IN RUINS BUT NOTES A MODERN ART REVIVAL IN BERLIN AND DRESDEN

PEOPLE WORKING HARDER THAN EVER BUT SAVE LITTLE

Correspondent Finds It Difficult to Understand How Anyone Can Fear an Uprising in Republic in Five Years, or Even Twenty-five—North of Germany Especially Is Not Prosperous, He Writes.

By VIKTOR FLAMBEAU.

"BITTESCHOEN!" "Dankeschoen!"
If you please! "Thank you very much!" Pleasant German courtesy, the American traveler's first impression. The second impression is, how wealthy he has suddenly become, by the exchange of his American money. Five cents for a good seat at the "movies!" a program and a little tip besides, "Dankeschoen!"

His pockets are stuffed with the German bills, 1 mark, 2 marks, zehn marken, zwanzig, funfzig, hundert! Pockets that steadily grow lighter, even though his hotel room is only 50 cents a day American, and his meals from 10 cents up, with such gratitude for his parting tips of 10, 20, 30 or 50 marks, from 2 cents to 10 cents American!

When Viktor Flambeau leaped aboard the crowded railway carriage marked "Berlin" he knew that it might mean an all-night ride of standing in the train, for every compartment was "besetzt," occupied. "Alles besetzt!" was the answer everywhere.

But Flambeau must get to Berlin, here was an express train, and time was precious. At the customs he was held up for his tryewriter, but was finally passed through without charge, meeting there a fellow passenger with another "Corona," Mrs. Wyman, a dancing teacher of Boston, and Mr. Hood of Washington. Flambeau had with him \$15 American and \$15 German, or about 7,500 marks, quite satisfactory, since 20,000 marks may now be taken into Germany.

His luggage Flambeau piled up in the carriage passageway and sat upon it, looking out of the window at the German landscape. Every other moment his fellow passengers, a fat German Herr, a pretty Maedchen, or an American husband and wife, prosperous and satisfied, asked him to move a little to let them by, for they did nothing but pace back and forth, up and down the passageway, or to the "Speisewagon" for dinner en route.

At 8 o'clock the train crossed the Rhine and stopped in Cologne a moment before proceeding by way of Duesseldorf toward Berlin, eleven hours away. It was a bright moonlight night, and Flambeau had a good view of German scenery, whenever he was sufficiently awake to see it. For soon he had a seat in a compartment with five other all-night travelers, who came and went at various stations along the way, shadowy forms, mysteriously entering out of the night and departing at their destinations, though there were still six on arrival at Berlin, and some also standing in the passageway.

SWEET GERMAN MOTHER.

A sweet German mother with her sturdy little son of eight years was returning alone from a sojourn in the Alps, and she was so anxious to make the child comfortable for the night. She had him stretched out, occupying two day seat spaces, while she herself sat upright, when a heavy German gentleman entered the compartment and demanded her seat, which she at once gave up, crowding herself beside the boy. But the newcomer was affected. "Sie sind eine Mutter!" he said, tenderly, bending toward her in the darkness, and there was a bond of sympathy between them.

Daylight saving seemed strongly in evidence, for the sun, which beamed "Aufwiedersehn!" in Cologne at 8 o'clock again greeted us with "Morgen!" at Hannover at 5 a. m. And promptly on time the Berlin express rolled in and a fellow passenger, a Norwegian, called a porter for Flambeau's luggage.

To Berlin Flambeau came a stranger, and when he looks now at the accumulation he gathered there of art reviews, scientific data, and charming pictures, besides visiting museums, galleries and business establishments, and making some valuable new friends, he can scarcely believe his visit was so short. It seemed at first that he would have no place to stay, for he was turned away from half a dozen hotels, all full, his patient porter meanwhile carrying along his luggage from place to place.

Suddenly a happy thought struck Flambeau.

"Nicht ein Platz fuer ein Amerikaner von Washington!"

"O ja, gewoehn!"

And presto! Flambeau was installed in the Mars Hotel, "Warschauerhof," Dorotheenstrasse, 69, Berlin, N. W. 7. Go there, if you are in Berlin. Write ahead for your accommodations, because the proprietor told Flam-

beau, when he was leaving, that Americans would be very welcome there, since the proprietor has relatives in America. "South America," he said, "Florida!"

HOTEL RATES CHEAP.

The price of this room, with hot and cold water, though never very hot, was 200 marks per day, with some slight tax extra, about 35 cents American. And Flambeau also took "Fruehstueck," breakfast, at the hotel, as the guests were begged to do by a placard. The Fruehstueck was a dry roll and butter, with some poor tea and skimmed milk, also a little German marmalade of some sort, and the price was a trifle.

For lunch and dinner he went elsewhere, and one day he ate at the Weinhaus Rheingold, a celebrated restaurant, where he had half a roast partridge and a few other things, including a little German beer, very good. There was not, however, in the restaurants and cafes that old-time German hilarity and enjoyment of eating, with laughter and song, though Flambeau sought every where for it, and ate in both cheap and expensive houses.

No, the Germans are sad today. They seem crushed. Berlin is a city in ruins, with ghosts stalking about. Hollow, pinched faces everywhere and foreigners, Russians and others, filling the hotels and the principal streets, like "Unter den Linden." Only once did Flambeau hear German children singing at their play, and he saw comparatively few children.

The country outside Berlin is looking very fine, and the parks are lovely. But the old Prussian stronghold has lost its grandeur. No more the splendid mounted policemen. Only a simple soldier officer at the street crossing. The military are not in evidence. And on the trains, where the guards before the war were always so formidable and overbearing, they are now meek and polite.

PEOPLE WORK HARD.

How one can fear an uprising from Germany in five years, or even twenty-five, is surprising. If Americans would go there and study closely they would find their present ideas much changed. The people are working, they work longer hours than ever, so Flambeau was told by a business man, and they were always industrious, as everyone knows, but now the money goes so little way, and they have as yet almost no commerce.

The artists, however, are at work again. In no other country did Flambeau find so many artists painting in the museums and galleries as in Berlin and Dresden. Some of them looked terribly starved, but they were hard at work. And nowhere else in Europe has Flambeau marked such careful preliminary drawing on the canvases as in Germany.

They were copying old masterpieces of other countries, not their own, but Rubens, Rembrandt, Jordans, the Dutch and Flemish mostly, for which there is evidently

THE large photograph below, mailed in a collection from Germany by Viktor Flambeau, shows the massive cathedral at Cologne, one of the best examples of Gothic architecture in the world. The building at the top right is the Dresden picture gallery. There are also shown two studies of the modern German cubist school. Photos of the ex-Kaiser and the late Kaiserin are taken from a post card. Bottom row: A painting, "Peasant Women," by Wilhelm Leibel, and a street scene in Berlin.



a demand, perhaps among their own people, who are traveling in Germany more at present than previously, for now they are not welcome in other lands, even if they had the money to go so far. Some of these copies were so good that Flambeau wished to buy one, but alas! in his modest luggage he had no room to carry it.

As soon as Flambeau had a room and breakfast at the Mars Hotel, he set out to find "Unter den Linden," and walked there to the Brandenburg Gate, a distance of one mile. The promenaders were most of them foreigners in Berlin, not Germans, who are too busy and too serious to promenade. The street is lined on either side with linden trees, and near it is the "Tiergarten," a beautiful park with many statues and monuments, including one to Goethe.

As Flambeau sat for a few moments in this park, awaiting his tram car, a German approached with a friend and invited them to

visit the "Rosengarten" nearby, which he was unable to do because of an engagement, as he explained in halting German, when the polite German told his companion that Flambeau was English, which he promptly denied, stating that he was American, and the two Germans seemed even more pleased, and regretted that he could not go with them to the "Rosengarten."

FAMOUS PICTURE GALLERY.

The Kaiser Friedrich's Museum was next on the program, with its famous picture gallery. A new catalogue had just been issued, 1922, and many visitors were strolling through the rooms. The German school, however, is not so strikingly represented here as one would expect, though there are many of Lucas Cranach, Martin Schongauer (1445-1491), and Albrecht Duerer (1471-1528), besides others by less known German painters.

The Dutch and Flemish School

is well shown in Quentin Massys, Rubens, Rembrandt including the famous "Man with the Golden Helmet," Ruisdael, Paulus Potter (nothing like as good as "The Young Bull" in The Hague), and others. Italian schools include Giotto, Masaccio, Fra Lippo Lippi, Tintoretto and Guardi, besides a noted Goya of the Spanish school.

The sculptures are also of importance and cover similar schools. Special pictures of wide interest are Murillo's "St. Anthony and the Infant Christ," Velasquez's "Portrait of Alessandro del Serris," Frans Hals' "Hille Bobbe" of which we have in New York a replica, Titian's "Portrait of Himself" and "Portrait of his daughter Lavinia."

If you want a good guide and interpreter in Berlin, go to the Associated Merchandising Corporation, at Linden Strasse 114, S. W. 68, and ask the general manager, Roger M. C. Day, to loan

you John Bina for half a day. Probably they won't be able to spare Mr. Bina, as they so kindly did for Viktor Flambeau, but they will find some way to help you out, for here is an organization with real American "pep," and they are "delivering the goods," too! That is, they are bringing prosperity to Germany as fast as one such organization could do it, for they are just what their name implies, an association of merchants who are co-operating in an industrial development.

They showed Flambeau their pay-roll and how rapidly it has mounted in the past year, and the rate at which their employees are paid and how they live at from 1,200 to 5,000 or 10,000 marks per month. Many American companies are represented in this business, including Woodward and Lothrop in Washington and the William Filene's Sons Company, of Boston.

And this successful merchandise

COURTESY IS FIRST IMPRESSION GAINED BY ALL TOURISTS

The Second Impression Is How Wealthy the Visitor Has Suddenly Become by the Exchange of His Money—Five Cents for a Good Seat at the "Movies," a Program, and a Little Tip Besides.

ing corporation, which is giving business to as many firms as possible in Germany was the only place where Flambeau observed a spirit of joy in work, of satisfaction and progress. Doubtless there are others, and perhaps many such places, but that is not the impression given by the general hopelessness everywhere in Berlin.

What is the actual condition in Germany today? Perhaps it is hard to say exactly, because appearances are sometimes deceptive, but the north of Germany seems anything but prosperous. When one arrives in Dresden it is quite different and the railway coaches en route to Dresden are palatial when compared to those seen elsewhere in Germany. This city, the capital of Saxony, is decidedly active and up to date and though a certain seriousness pervades it, too, yet there is a definite atmosphere of success here, and the shops are inviting while the picture galleries rival anything elsewhere in Europe. In Berlin, on the other hand, there seems little that is attractive to buy, and the picture galleries are only about half hung.

There's a new gallery today in Berlin, the Crown Prince Palace, which offers some of the most interesting modern German painters, including the Cubist School. As Dr. Drexler, who is a friend of the Baron von Thiermann of the German legation at Washington, told Flambeau in Berlin, "The arts today are only really benefitting now from an era of plain living and high thinking. Dr. Drexler was of the greatest assistance to Flambeau in sending him to the Amerika-Institut, of which Dr. K. O. Bertling is director, a scientific foundation resembling our Smithsonian Institution at Washington. But this pleasant visit was later on.

A CUBIST SERIES.

In the modern gallery of the "Kronprinz Palais," now a national gallery, Flambeau found a good series of the mystical pictures of Arnold Boecklin, and several other less known recent painters of great power, and he also discovered the even more "mystical" Cubist art, not unlike what we have seen in France and America, though here in Berlin of still stronger fascination.

On the upper floor there were several rooms devoted to these weird pictures, which to Flambeau represent a decadent phase of art, no matter in what country he finds them, since he is as yet unable to believe that there is not something like a criterion of beauty which must attach to all art expressions, a rhythm, harmony, and balance, which seem utterly wanting in these grotesques, whether fantastic portraits of men's faces, strange nudes, or even a "Madonna and Child," by Heckel, more peculiar than any primitives ever known.

Yet they were quite seriously taken by the many visitors, who sat or strolled through the rooms, studying the pictures carefully, and only once or twice on some less cultured face did Flambeau detect a smile of real humor at the funny caricatures! No worse in Germany than he have seen in Washington and New York, and probably painted with even more care, but funny just the same.

Another entertaining feature is the German humorous magazines, "Lustige Blaetter," "Fliegende Blaetter," and many others, in which the jokes are often surprising. As a German girl said on the train, when lending to a fellow traveler her own set of such publications, "Don't be shocked. I have not read these. They are sometimes quite shocking."

Rough humor, however, is often a sign of native strength and virility, and Flambeau confers with the journals he bought, seemed quite tame, in harmony with the general atmosphere of Berlin.

"Die Woche," of course, is a leading serious paper, and it offers a fine weekly review of arts, industries, and general conditions. One of the illustrations in the August 12 number, "Breakfast on the Terrace," a painting by Wolfgang Born, a modern German artist, was of special interest to Flambeau, because he saw this work in the Gallery Flechtelheim, Berlin, in a number of the "Wein-

haus Rheingold" in Bellevue Strasse, after his lunch there.

NEW SCHOOL ARTIST.

It is a picture of father, mother, and little daughter in friendly chat, the small girl busy with a picture book which her mother is showing her, young, strong, modern German types, excellent portraits. Here in this private collection, now on exhibition in Berlin, Flambeau found some of the best painting of Berlin, and several of the pictures he would like very much to see exhibited in Washington.

It was Flambeau's wish to invite the artists of Germany to contribute to the exposition of modern art now being planned for our Capital City, through the invitation of The Washington Times and the Art and Archeology League of Washington, and again Flambeau was fortunate in finding some one in Berlin interested and able to be of great assistance in developing careful plans.

Here it may take a little longer to arrange matters, and to insure sales of German paintings, but Flambeau is convinced that a very splendid exposition of great value will be contributed.

Dr. Bertling, who was in America during the war, interned in fact for his sympathies, is a Harvard man, with many American connections and a deep fondness for the United States.

"This is not a police court!" he exclaimed grandly, as he waved aside Flambeau's letters of introduction in their interview, and accepted without question the art plans and purpose of the visit. The Amerika Institute of which Dr. Bertling is director, in the State Library Building, Berlin, Universitaet Strasse 8, is peculiarly American in its purpose, for it was founded in 1910-11 from money left for general educational purposes by the late Jacob Schiff of New York City and James Speyer, esq., the aim being the promotion of scientific interests of America and Germany.

TO PROMOTE RESEARCH.

Its functions are to promote research, to exchange publications and to serve intermediary in such matters as copyright and translation. It possesses a library of 15,000 volumes, relating to economic, social and political conditions in the United States. In co-operation with the Smithsonian Institution of Washington, D. C., a total of 34,591 packages was handled during the year 1922, and during the few years of its existence more than 2,500 German books have been copyrighted in the United States.

It has been of great assistance to the exchange students, whose researches have been detailed in U. S. Government publications. It has no state appropriation, but is dependent upon private contributions for its current expenses. To Flambeau, in his quest in Germany, it was of great service.

But Flambeau must see the people at close range, and he sallied forth during his first evening in Berlin to find a Cinema, "Kino," they called it there, in the Passage-Theater, Unter-den-Linden 22-23, where for about four cents he obtained a good seat, with a program at 1 Mark 50, and a little tip of 50 Pfennig. As Flambeau looks now at one of those lightweight tin 50-Pfennig pieces, 1922, he finds on it a motto, of which the Germans are fond.

The device is a sheaf of wheat, and across it the little verse:

"Brich regen

"Sicht Gegen."

—To rule one's self brings gain.

These mottoes may be read in many places, sometimes on the little table trays for beer mugs, and often as well inscriptions. They are a sort of proverb, frequently, too, quotations from their best authors, like Goethe.

But now in the "Kino," Flambeau gave his attention to the movie pictures, offered as an "Original Amerikanisches Sensationelles Schauspiel," title, "Die Stemme aus dem Jenseits."

NOT LIKE "THE GOLEM."

He had hoped to find one of those sensational German productions, like "The Golem," which thrilled Washington a year or so ago, but instead he was transported from a little German home to New York city, with a pretty Fraulein (Continued on Page 7.)